

The Storagram



Kaufmann's
"The Big Store"

Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh

September

“O sweet September, thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf’s rustle and the squirrel’s laughter,
The cool, fresh air whence health and vigor spring
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.”

GEORGE ARNOLD

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. V

Pittsburgh, Pa., September

No. 8

WAIT A MINUTE

At a meeting to discuss the safety of pedestrians, one witness remarked:

"In the old days, if anybody missed a stage coach, he was contented to wait two or three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door."

It's the truth. We are in such a hurry that half the time we don't know where we are going. We would rather stub our toes than take the time necessary to pick up our feet.

Dodge through traffic in the middle of a block rather than spend thirty seconds in reaching a street crossing. We go from Chicago to San Francisco and write back boasting that we made the trip in three hours less than last time. We jump on and off moving trains. We even marry in haste—about all we do at leisure is repent.

We eat fast, talk fast, read fast, ride fast, walk fast, dance fast, sleep fast—and die fast.

What's the hurry? There are still twenty-four hours in the day, even with daylight saving. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points according to the mathematicians, but why confuse life with geometry? Wait a minute!—*Selected.*

WHILE STROLLING 'ROUND THE STORE

By THE STORE REPORTER

I'm not cruising any more folks, I get seasick too often, so I've taken to strolling as a means of getting about. By the way, I stole that title "Cruising About The (a) Isles of The Store" from Joe Meyers and never gave him public credit. He can have it now though, I'm through with it.

A cool morning and business as brusque as the weather. Glad our new escalators are in readiness now, I won't have to bother with the stairway. In the

Basement—and squirming through the Saturday throng that crowds the aisles here. Catch sight of Miss Maloney, Keller and Dunn making an inspection tour also. They're stealing my thunder. Over for a chat with Dimel and find he's enthusiastic about the new escalators for business reasons. Now with Hohenstein who agrees that things are coming his way, as he gazes gleefully at the throngs riding the descending steps.

Solomon and Goldspinner are much too busy to see—the life of these Basement folk is indeed hard. Passing a girl who stutters. She's buying "irregular hose." Blankets are a 'booming now, this table has plenty of customers about it. There goes Henry Levy and a ladder. Mrs. Solomon breaks away from her chat with a handsome millinery salesman long enough to shout out that Harry Mates is the father to a new baby. Wonder is it "First Mate or Second Mate?" Keller and Dunn back at the Service Desk. Along comes Paley with some interesting department store chatter. Paley's a good number always, but he's at his best in a Buyers' Meeting. Up now, to the

Main Floor—Friendly chap in Drug Department greets me with a "Hello" as I pass. Looks nice in his white uniform. Through Ribbon Department where salesgirls bring me visions of O. Henry. All of his department store heroines worked in glove departments. Little colored fellow asleep on the floor. Wait till he misses his mother. Back through the Book Department where McGhee inquires for Babette. To the Victrola Record counter but can't hear record as Haas flags me with a long-winded story about May-apples, Hauser's favorite fruit at Bear Run. The Jugo-Slovak consul passes and Haas goes to join him but I'm not so keen about talking that language, so meander along.

Surer sign of prosperity than Babson's report. Women's handbags are larger and roomier than ever! This must be going to be a prosperous year all right. Mr. Powers is humming blithely as I pass. Can't make out the tune. There goes Miss Graham.

The girls at this Main Floor Service Desk are certainly long-suffering. They listen to more foolish inquiries than any other group in the store. I believe. Abbott, just back from his vacation comes down for a squint at the Escalators, then hustles away in his usual fashion. Behind a timid woman on the "moving steps," mounting to the

Second Floor—Catch sight of Jacobs as he's closing a sale and note a triumphant look on his face. Must have been batting clean-up in a turn-over process, I

guess. Phil Porterfield tries on a racoon coat while Landenberger, Al Hilger and I admire everything but its price. Phil must feel wealthy in that outfit. Oxenreiter and Eddie Meyers are "riding the fence," patrolling the boundary aisles.

Joe Meyers is looking over some trunks and bags. Walker doing outpost duty in one of his aisles. Stop for a chat with Hutt about Bear Run and his new Uniform Department. He's proud as Punch about that new department and it's a favorite topic of his now. Must scale the heights again, now on the

Third Floor—John Trainor greets me as I top the rise. Ought to make public apology for failing to mention that John was an official at our picnic this summer, (his wife isn't sure he was there). West has his ear glued to a 'phone receiver and my witticism sails by unheeded. Squalling babes here disturb peace while some of the lullabies their fond mothers croon do even worse.

To the colorful Millinery Section where Milady primps and poses tirelessly before mirrors until she decides that the hat she has chosen will effectively set off her ever-youthful face. There's Mr. E. J. and Mr. O. M. talking to Mr. Rosenthal. Probably making that visit that was promised at the last Buyer's Meeting. Over to see Bauerle and am mistaken for a floorman, (which flatters me exceedingly), by a customer. Mixed identities drive me to the

Fourth Floor—Miss Collins and a few petite salesladies are gathered admiringly over a new blouse or something. Matz is on duty near the Service Desk and Mrs. Durham is talking decorations with Archie Greiner, more than likely it has something to do with the Fashion Show. I have a discerning mind, what? Wolk steers me to Miss McGowan's domain where I gaze tearfully at the remains of countless minks, seals, foxes and other creatures. Some Bear Run pleasant-ries are exchanged and I stroll along.

Fifth Floor—Friedman from the Basement has a fish story to tell me. The usual one, how the biggest fish in creation stopped on his hook long enough to wink at him, then slipped back into the water. I've had that fish on my own line once. A jaunt through the Interior Decorating Section discloses little. Now picking my way through rug piles. Missed a chat with Silverstein by a bare hour-and-a-half—he's out of the office. Through the odorous Linoleum Section to note groups of newlyweds examining the patterns. The Mah Jongg room is tastefully decorated, I think. Enough—Now to the

Sixth Floor—Daylight a plenty in the Silk Section. Some very nice young ladies in the Pattern Section having their good nature put to a test by a crowd of hurried shoppers. This floor will be really beau when the escalators are given their last touches. At the Smithfield St. side where my blushes and pinks that surround me. Schwartz can't spend time in gossip, he is working upon an article for

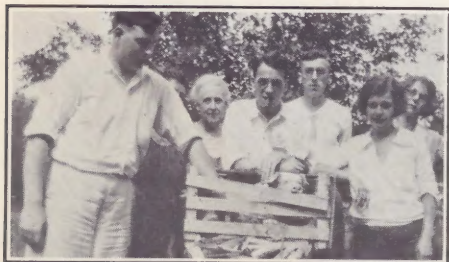
(continued on page twelve)

Best Show People on Earth

We, who deal with the necessities of Life, clothing, furniture, housefurnishings and all the requisites of living comfort, are the greatest show people there are. Our store is a supply center for hundreds of thousands and its departments are stocked with their wants. Everything is displayed to its best selling advantage, every bit of merchandise is shown in its most attractive light and all is done to make selection a delightful experience for the customer.

As show-people it is our place to help select and to sell, not to promenade ourselves as exhibits. The customer expects to see the merchandise displayed to its best advantage but she looks with disfavor upon the salesperson who carries out the display idea even to her person. Gaudy jewelry and flashy clothes smack too much of the three-ring circus to be an effective aid in selling.

Circus people dress boldly for their's is a bold business and the public expects them to appear in showy attire. We sell differently—different merchandise, different methods. The circuses have barkers, blatant voiced fellows who cajole the public into buying their wares by sheer power of voice. They are selling entertainment—we sell the wants of Life. We must sell differently. We must, as salespeople, dress as the public expects us to dress—with dignity.



Mr. Clarkson's Birthday Gift

On Labor Day, Mr. Clarkson celebrated his 77th birthday and was presented with the above piece of pork *au naturel*. The sausage-to-be was purchased from a neighboring farmer by Mr. Clarkson's friends and presented to him at his table in the Club house at Bear Run. Mr. Clarkson responded by giving a brief speech of acceptance in which Piggy was not mentioned.

Toilet Goods and Drug Depts.

Mr. Harry Thomas's father died and most of the department visited the home (Thursday, Sept. 4th).

Miss Doris Miller is wearing a sparkler and we are wondering who the Romeo might be.

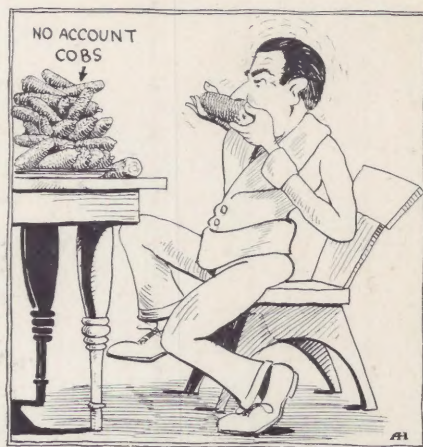
Miss Rhodes looks as though she had a nice time while away on her vacation at Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Paley spent most of his vacation at Atlantic City and must have had a wonderful time as he looks so happy.

Mr. Fleckenstein went to Atlantic City to meet a friend from Harrisburg. He seems to be talking about it ever since he came back.

Barney and the Corn Situation

Barney Blum, the Friend of the Farmer, consumes more corn at one sitting than a farmer grows in an acre. At Bear Run this summer Barney had an appetite that belied his capacity, he simply couldn't get enough corn



to suit him even though each platter held about twenty ears.

"A little bit of everything and then oodles of corn" seemed to be Barney's war cry as he attacked every meal placed before him. And he eats it in the most musical manner imaginable—soft, dulcet sounds issuing from the cob as he rhapsodizes with his teeth. When Barney left the table it was still groaning and there were enough corn cobs left for him to have secured a monopoly on the cob pipe industry, had he chosen.

Fashion Play And Style Promenade

On Monday, September 15th, our Fall Fashion Play of 1924, made its debut. The stage decorations were beautifully carried out along Spanish decorative lines and the scenes were remarkably pretty. Kaufmann's Fashion Show Orchestra furnished the music for each performance and gave their typical satisfactory renditions that added so much to the success of the Play.

Seventeen models were used in the display of the various costumes. The following scenes were given, Negligees, Tailored Suits, Sports Wear, Tailored Dresses, Topcoats, Afternoon Dresses, Furs, Coats and Wraps, Ensemble Suits, Evening Gowns and Wraps. Each performance was well attended and the crowds were handled without undue confusion.

Heard On The Second Floor

It is rumored that Mr. Leopold Braun of the Men's Clothing Department spent one week of his vacation in New York and the remaining three in a local barber shop where he was learning the trade. We think that's an odd way to spend one's vacation, but there may be method in Mr. Braun's madness, we may not have heard all of the story. Have you anything to offer, Mr. Braun?



Two Masquerade Prize-Winners

Above are two of the prize-winners of the Bear Run Masquerade, the Misses Siebert and Killmeyer. We forget what they are supposed to represent, but it was a good disguise no matter what it should be.

Two New Promotions On Fourth Floor

Mr. Kuehn, the Merchandise Manager of the Women's Ready-to-Wear Departments, advises us of the promotion of the Misses Catherine Bond and Anna Beck. Miss Bond has been given charge of the Women's Coat Department and will act as its buyer, while Miss Beck is the new buyer for the Women's Suit Department.

Both women are quite popular on their floor and the news of their advancement was well received by their many friends. *The Storamgram* compliments these ladies and extends its best wishes for their success.

A Fourth Floor Wedding

We heard the other day that Miss Annabelle McMahon had recently hearkened to the call of matrimony and is now receiving mail addressed to Mrs. Kennedy. Our reporter could only gather a few meager facts about the wedding, so we can write nothing other than this; that we wish you a long, happy term of wedlock, Annabelle, and *The Storamgram* voices the good wishes of your many friends here in the store.

Kaufmann Savings Club

Someone has said that the man who invented interest is the greatest inventor of all time. Those who have been members of the Kaufmann Savings Club are witnesses to this fact. Started January 2, 1921, it has had an average membership of *three hundred* each term, too small considering the size of "The Big Store" family. The total deposits from the opening date to June 17, 1924, have been \$75,393.37, a sum which has earned interest amounting to \$787.39. The weekly deposits range from fifty cents to ten dollars. The year from January 2nd to June 17th, a total of \$10,793.00 was deposited in *three hundred six* accounts.

But it is not alone the benefits which the members have derived, personally, in the way of vacations, necessities and luxuries which would not otherwise have been secured, nor the habit of thrift which has been acquired. The good which this money, put away in small amounts which were not missed in some cases, has done, reaches beyond the doors of "The Big Store." Many tired mothers and careworn fathers have been sent on needed vacations. One father in Europe was able to make the trip across the Atlantic as a result of a daughter's savings. Tuition at the University of Pittsburgh, needed surgical advice for loved ones, are some of the by-products of this thrift organization.

Among the departments which have been enthusiastic supporters, the Shoe Department deserves special mention. The department has been practically 100% in its participation. Last year one individual received a check for *three hundred sixty-four* dollars.

The recital of actual benefits derived from membership in Savings Club might be continued indefinitely. Hospital expenses, dentistry, clothes, taxes, etc., all paid with no bills to worry over—as a result of a little effort in saving a small sum each week.

Two clubs are started each year, one in January which provides vacation funds in June, and one in June which pays out in December and furnishes Christmas money. Miss Curtin and Miss Keefe in the Club Credit Department, 8th floor, who have been responsible for the success of the club since 1921, are rendering a real service to their fellow-workers. Perhaps only a few know of the hours required to do this work, time which these women take from a busy business day and which often means catching up after business hours.

Farewell Party For Mrs. De Coursey

The girls of our telephone exchange gave a surprise party in honor of Mrs. De Coursey our Chief Opera at her home on Lexington Avenue, Tuesday evening, August 26th, shortly before she left the service of store. Mrs. De Coursey was very well liked by her department and enjoyed as well the friendliness of all who knew her in the store.

The girls presented her with a beautiful farewell testimonial of the respect they all hold for their retiring chief joins its best wishes to Mrs. De Coursey those that have been already presented.

Eleventh Floor Notes

In the Vacation Number, we notice that the Skipper on his cruise about the store was stranded on the shores of the Tenth Floor. He should have used a modern method of transit, a flying machine, then he would have found the Eleventh—where we are all busy and happy as can be.

We try to adopt the Pollyanna spirit; when things are bad we are glad they are not worse. We report no funerals but have two weddings, music of every description and the best eats in the city of Pittsburgh.

Skipper's Note—"My abject apologies for cutting short last month's tour, this oversight will not be repeated. Look for the schooner on every cruise hereafter. I'm glad to have found such a port as yours."

Supply Room Snatches

Boss John Eberle would win any popularity contest the store ever inaugurates, according to his loyal assistants. He certainly is a good-natured fellow and we can readily understand why he gains the good will of all whom he encounters. He's a member of the Stand-By Club too, and as a veteran has an excellent record of service with "The Big Store." We can't get too many like John.

Louis Maurer is well acquainted with every nook and cranny in the Supply Room. He's a regular encyclopedia of supply information and can find what you want even if you don't believe it's there. Lou doesn't make much noise but he gets things done in fine style.

The noisiest one of the crew is Eddie Hardlick. If he lived beside a boiler factory he could whisper secrets that the riveters could hear. Eddie should have been an announcer and, if he's to be transferred, we suggest that he be made an elevator dispatcher, or better still, have him shout messages over to the warehouses instead of maintaining 'phone connections.



Waitin' For The Last Train Home

Above is pictured the group that ended the camping trip at Bear Run. Notice the dejected, sorrowful faces as they await the train for the city. The photo was taken on Labor Day, shortly after the closing of camp for the year.

"You wish you had served food instead of yourselves at the party?"—Judge.



"Happy" Solomon At Camp

This is an observer's idea of "Happy" in the crimson Annette Kellerman he sported about at Bear Run but failed to get wet. He's a lot like some of our movie bathing beauties in only one respect, he can wear the most fragile bathing suit there is, because he never gives the color a chance to run.

Speaking of running, Happy's sprint to West Newton shattered every standing Olympic mark that was ever made for Marathon distances. Happy's a whole second faster than bad news and would rather run than swim. By way of defense, it is rumored that the bathing suit with the homicide color belonged to a very dear friend of his and she may have objected to him using it in water.

Joe Meyers once said that the most athletic thing he ever did was to crawl under a cold shower—but at that even, he has Happy skinned a thousand ways. Happy won't even go out in the rain—especially if he has on that brilliant hued bathing suit of somebody else's.

Mr. Caputo Recovers From Illness

The many friends of Mr. Caputo, our store's popular musician, were elated at his return to normal good health following an operation for appendicitis. Our buyer of Musical Instruments was away from the store for about six weeks during and his absence occasioned so many queries that we decided to let all the store people know he has returned.

We trust Mr. Caputo will be favored with better health in the future and that his "under-the-ether" days are over.

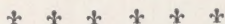


KAUFMANN'S, "THE BIG STORE" BAND, AT SCHENLEY PARK

This recent photograph of our store band was taken in the Concert Stand at Schenley Park last month when Mr. Caputo and his musicians furnished entertainment for the thousands of kiddies who attended the picnic of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement there. The band of "The Big Store" is one of the best known in

the city and is invariably in demand when high caliber music is desired.

Mr. Caputo, our buyer of the Musical Instruments Department is the leader of this organization and probably the greatest single factor in its success.



The Irene Kaufmann Settlement Picnic

On Thursday, August 28th, the Irene Kaufmann Settlement held its annual community picnic in Schenley Park and more than 5,000 children were in attendance. It began at ten o'clock in the morning and continued until late in the evening with an elaborate assortment of entertainment and contests featuring. Sidney A. Teller, director of the institution and Samuel Gerson, assistant director, had charge of the picnic and were ably assisted by Harry Levine, Samuel Grodstein, Ella Wertheimer, Dora Tannenbaum, Margaret Vero, Doris Heilbron and Helen C. Nathan, who acted as aides.

Kaufmann's Band, under the direction of Mr. Caputo of the store, gave a concert and furnished music for the entertainers. The juvenile members of the settlement presented an excellent program of athletic events, acrobatic stunts, group and solo dancing and "circus" acts of the highest order. It was a well-directed affair and a splendid exhibition of the wonderful work the settlement is doing for the city.

Basement Millinery

Kathlyn Meenihan is getting up in the world, powdering all day and parts her hair on the side. Whom are you fixing up for, Kathlyn?

Kathlyn, the Cashier in the Basement Millinery, sure is worried. Whom are you worrying about, Kathryn? Has Bill gone back on you. Cheer up, Kathryn, better days coming.

Miss Southard from the Basement Millinery has friends. Received a box of pretzels the other week.

Miss Wilson from the Basement Millinery knocks 'em off. What's all the rush, Wilson? What are you going to do with all the money?

Loretta Stanton is said to be in love with Tom Morrison. She never eats, lives on love we guess, but Tom is as fat as ever. Stick to him, Loretta.

Sixth Floor Gossip

The girls from the Hemstitching Section are sporting healthy crops of smiles, sunburn, blisters, tan and freckles as a result of their vacations.

We are all very sorry to hear of the illness of Miss Clara Culley who has undergone a serious operation in the Presbyterian Hospital. All join in wishing a speedy recovery.

None of us knew that our genial floorman, Mr. A. Greer, was traveling under an alias. His real name reputed to be "Fatty Hammerslice."

THE STORAGRAM

CONSULTING EDITORS

B. L. TRAUB J. H. GREENE E. T. ADAMS

EDITOR

William J. Dolan

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

HELEN P. CONNORS C. J. HANLON JOSEPH MEYERS

NETTIE MCKENZIE HARRY BROIDA

E. R. JOHNSTON F. P. FREEMAN

FRANCES SCHULTHEIS, *Artist* J. R. HOOPER, *Artist*

P. D. PORTERFIELD, *Artist*

SEPTEMBER 1924

This Little City of Ours

In a store of this size, with our more than 3,000 people and the thousands of daily visitors we have, there is an atmosphere closely akin to that of a city the same size. We have our Mayor (Mr. E. J.), the city executives (Mr. Irwin D. Wolf, Mr. O. M. Kaufmann and the other executives who manage the store), and our city council (the Policy and Merchandise Boards).

The tremendous stream of visitors that pass daily through our doors are the thousands of guests our city must please. Each department is a section of the city with its own particular government and its members should have a community pride in making it attractive to those who pass.

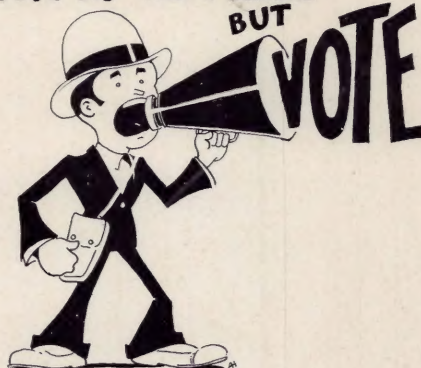
Here you see a great cauldron of Humanity where the onlooker views in the passing throng almost every conceivable type of mankind and the whole seething mass represents the public we serve. Our aisles are thoroughfares alike to the curious and the shopper but we place no distinction in giving our service for our's is a business of making friends and our "little city" must be the friendliest place for miles about us.

If we are to make our guests like our "little city," we must first make them like its citizens. We have found this to be a wonderful place to live in; let's let all of our customers know we think this is a fine place in which to work. Sell every "guest" that speaks to you upon the niceties of this "little city" of ours—not so much by actual talk as by your manner and appearance. Be ever happy, uniformly courteous and consistently helpful that every "guest" may leave us with the feeling that this is a place worthy of another visit.

We all make mistakes. If we didn't the man who showed us how to carry erasers on the end of our lead pencils would not have made a fortune at it. But when you do make a mistake, correct it as soon as possible. Do not let it go by. People who shrink from letting mistakes be known for fear it will react on them only make matter worse by so doing. Any man will thank you to inform him of a mistake that has been made. He would rather correct it with your assistance than let it go to the customer and come back with a complaint and involving considerable expense.—
J. E.

VOTE AS YOU PLEASE

BUT



GIVE SERIOUS THOUGHT to the Following Figures:

In 1896, 80% of the eligible voters of the country went to the polls and voted.

In 1920, less than 50% of those eligible to vote, went to the polls!

Isn't it appalling to think that American voters' men and women, should so abuse that foremost privilege of Liberty, the right to vote? Isn't it a national disgrace, this laxity of ours in performing such a trifling act that represents our right to govern ourselves?

During the reign of George the Third, our valiant forefathers fought and died to give us our birthright of freedom. The right of self-government, the right to rule our own country, freedom—these were the demands they made upon the British Crown and for this freedom of ours they sacrificed their all.

Voting is the first duty of citizenship. The eligible man or woman who fails to cast a vote is lacking in patriotism and hardly more useful to his country than the latest alien who arrives on our shores.

March up to the polls this Fall and cast your vote! Pick whatever candidates you will, but vote! Let every eligible voter in the store vote for the sake of voting. Vote-slackers never brought in a better administration and never will!

"Bring The Lamp, Diogenes!"

"Speaking of grab-bags, Joe," said "Shindig" of the Travel Bureau to the editor of this esteemed organ, "You should see the collection they take out of the telephones on the Balcony." "On one rather dull day when I had the time to spare, I watched them collect the 'nickels,' and among many of them I saw 54 pennies, 8 hair pins, 12 pieces of tin foil, 1 car check, a few oddly shaped plugs of steel, tin, lead, together with the usual full box of coins." "And the ones that use these peculiar bell-ringers are the ones that come to me with complaints that our telephone service is rotten, and that they put in a nickel, but the operator wouldn't give them their number." "What's the world comin' to, Joe?"

Miss Jean Goodstein spent her vacation at Cambridge Springs and talks as though she had a good time. To me she looked as though she did not get much rest.

Last Days at Bear Run



Last Buyers' Meeting

On Friday evening, September 5th, the buyers and executives had their first meeting of the early Fall business season in the store Restaurant. Mr. Heyman, as President of the Buyers' Association, acted as chairman and called for the various speakers. In his initial address, Mr. Heyman gave a short talk on service, illustrated with a story of a Schenectady barber shop, and followed it with a request for the opinions of the various buyers upon the outlook for Fall.

Mr. Silverstein, the first called upon, predicted a good season, basing his prediction upon the recent activity of the local steel mills. He also spoke of his recent trip to Constantinople. Mr. Traub followed and urged all the buyers to work hand in hand with the Want Slips sent them daily, and also to prepare their advertising further in advance of its appearance. Mr. Greene pointed out that a Fall business boom should be preceded by improved selling service. Spoke of the need of having the merchandise on the floors early and also asked the buyers to co-operate in educating their salespeople.

Mr. Clarkson was also optimistic, summing up his talk with the cryptic remark, "Business will be good if you make it so." Mr. Schwartz and Mrs. Hale spoke of their recent travels and were both of the opinion that the Fall would be an active merchandising season. Mr. Braunstein predicted that the outlook was up to the buyers. The last four months were the most important of the year, he reminded them, and he urged that all study their competitors, plan three months in advance of events and see that the manufacturer lives up to shipping agreements.

Mr. B. T. Smith was not deterred by a nasty carbuncle and arose to tell a story of his August Sale. He spoke of the necessity of selling enthusiasm along with merchandise to the salespeople that they might pass the same along to the customer. At the close of Mr. Smith's address, Mr. E. J. Kaufmann arose and talked to the assembled executives.

Mr. E. J. opened by stating that he was glad vacations were over because he would rather have his department heads all about him when they are needed. He urged that the meetings should be filled with opinions and asked all the buyers to talk in meetings as they would to their associates on the floor, pointing out that this would help immeasurably in talking intelligently to the salespeople. Better service was the next topic of Mr. Kaufmann's talk and he spoke at length upon methods for securing its betterment.

Co-operation with management, visiting stock rooms daily, use of labels of the proper size and style, the appearance of salespeople—these were consecutive subjects he touched upon. Mr. E. J. then told a story that bore a double-edged compliment for the Basement. This was followed by brief handling of the following: orderliness, good display, co-operation with advertising department, departmental meetings, Fall's business, new escalators and "get-the-pencil habit." When Mr. Kaufmann had finished, Mr. Clarkson entertained with a board drill.



Elizabeth Standing At Attention

All Bear Runners are familiar with Elizabeth, the Mistress of the Kitchen at Bear Run. She is directly responsible for the physical well being of all who vacationed or week-ended there and certainly lived up to her excellent cooking reputation by the appearance and taste of the appetizing "vittles" she prepared for us.

Mr. Thomas F. Wall,
"Kaufmann's,"

Dear Mr. Wall:

I received the coat and pants this morning that I purchased from you on Thursday last, and I wish to thank you for the interest you took in having the alterations made.

Both coat and pants are a perfect fit, and I will keep your card for any further purchases in your department.

I enclose you a "buck" for a few after dinner cigars.

Yours very truly,
JOHN D. EVANS,
6215 Kentucky Avenue.

Word From Overseas

When Mrs. Hale and Miss Giltenboth were abroad this summer, they sent joint greetings from Dresden, Germany, to Mr. Greene. A picture postal portraying a scene in the beautiful Groszer Garten with the following message from our buyers:

"Greetings from Dresden, the most beautiful city in Europe—so we believe. We have had a delightful trip with wonderful weather.



Educational Notes

COIN NUMBER		AMT REC'D OR NOW SOLD		DATE
CHARGE TO				
MR. C. L. W. B.	FIRST NAME INITIAL		LAST NAME	
Mrs. Charles P. Calvert				
704 2nd St				
Brownsville				
1 play suit 2.45				
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;"> 38 CHG'D 38 JUL 7 1924 38 KDS 38 </div>				
5613748				
ACCOM. PKGB. SPELL NUMBER		VALUE \$ TOTAL		
IDENTIFIED BY				
WRITE YOUR NAME IN FULL				
CASHIER'S VOUCHER				
AMT REC'D OR NOW SOLD		AMOUNT OF SALE		
SOLD BY		DATE		
		5613748		

Guess—What Is It?

It would take a good guesser to decipher that item at the top, wouldn't it? We thought it was supposed to be English for "play suit" but looks more like a prescription to us, the way it is scribbled on the sales check, and as the particular department does not sell play suits, we are still in doubt.

Do your sales checks look like this? Do you write this carelessly? Our service will never be all it should be until we all acquire the habit of writing legibly at all times. Let this example serve to guide you away from this common fault, if such a fault is yours.

To Be Or Not To Be

I'd rather be a Could Be
 If I could not be an Are
 For a Could Be is a Maybe
 With a chance of touching par.
 I'd rather be a Has Been
 Than a Might Have Been by far,
 For a Might Have Been has never been
 But a Has was once an Are.

"I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do."

Living—Growing

As surely as the first tang of autumn brings the desire for a new hat or a smart Fall costume, so does the approach of Winter bring a longing for new clothes for the mind. That public speaking you have always wanted to take or that class in china painting. The coming season is the best time to join a class in something you have always intended to take but never quite made it. If you like to be up to the minute in life's minor interests, there's a class for you in party favors and gifts, in costume designing, in shampooing and manicuring or in social dancing. If you are the athletic type of girl you will want gymnastics, swimming or basketball. If you wear a diamond on the third finger of your left hand, you should take cookery, sewing and home decoration. And if you're a wee bit highbrow, (and you ought to be proud of it) there are any number of subjects to choose from, beginning with "Studies in Personality" and ending in "How to Know Operas." Not to speak of music for the girl who loves it, and "Trees, Plants and Birds" for the one whom four walls can't quite contain.

"Whew!" you breathe, and wonder where all this is to be found. The Fall classes at the Central Y. W. C. A 59 Chatham Street, which will open September 29th, will include these and a score of others which are bound to arouse the interest of business girls from the most frivolous to the serious, and the cost is very low.

Just a word about clubs. You've surely heard of the business girls' clubs at the Y. Why not join the group which pleases you and where you can get recreation and education with friendship added? Ask the secretary.

The Want Slip

O, why should I fill out a want slip?
 Quite oft I hear salespeople say,
 That's how you give your buyer a tip
 Of things not in stock, day by day.
 An article's asked for, some color or size
 The last of which may have been sold,
 Some new thing, perhaps, which may be a surprise,
 To your buyer who wants to be told.
 When several requests are made in a day
 For something you don't have on hand
 Your want slips show buyers, they must not delay
 An order that's in such demand.
 By filling out want slips you're helping yourself,
 The firm, and the customer, too.
 So jot down the things that are not on the shelf
 Which have been requested of you.
 The time to get want slips is when you begin
 And not at the end of the day
 Since that is the time you should hand
 It's a rule which each one should

KAT



MR. SILVERSTEIN, OUR RUG BUYER, IN THE ORIENT

Seated between the two bales of rugs in the right center of this photograph is Mr. Louis Silverstein, the buyer of our Rug Department. At Mr. Silverstein's side is seated Mr. Charles Roditi of D. Roditi and Sons, Paris, while between them stands Mr. Vit Roditi of Constantinople who represents several leading American firms.

The picture is completed by an assemblage of rug merchants, brokers and workmen who have co-operated in the purchase and packing of these rugs for "The Big

Store." The oxen drawn carts of this type are used in Constantinople and throughout Turkey for transporting heavy loads.

Mr. Silverstein brought home with him many very interesting photographs and we regret that we cannot publish all of them here. He reports a most interesting trip but is evidently glad to be back in the store again. proper direction to be taken in locating the far distant basement.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

An Unusual Complaint

"I wish to register a complaint with you," remarked a lady in our East, or Travel Bureau Balcony. "Certainly, Madam," responded our courteous travel expert, "just in what manner might I be of service to you in this instance?" "Well, I think you should have your electric fans guarded to keep people from endangering their lives in the whirling blades." "I immediately took a look at all the three fans to see wherein lay the fault," our man tells me, "and noted that all the fans had the regular guards on them." At any rate, the lady was promised that this serious matter would be immediately taken care of, and the proper steps would be taken to guard the safety of the people in the rest of the store. Our friend advises the editor that he is going to put the suggestion box, a plan to enclose it in a very tight case to make it impossible to stick anything in or else to shut them off for the winter.

An Early Escalator Story

The recent advent of the initiation of our escalators, while a wonderful thing for our store, has its humorous side, too. In the course of time, we notice many kinds of people, and being city bred, most of us, we usually pay attention to the country lad who is not up with us in modern things. The second day after the escalators began their daily grind, a very modest individual, apparently ignorant of the intricacies of the escalator, began his perilous ascent to the second floor. Unfortunately, he took the descending steps, but with determined purpose, continued on his way until he finally reached his destination. He walked and walked without getting anywhere for a while. Noticing this, he speeded up sufficiently to finally make it, though his trip was very lengthy.

Thoughts While Strolling

(continued from page two)

next issue of *The Storagram*. Says he will hold article until he gets a satisfactory, flattering photo of himself to send along with it. Mr. Boston, the baseball fan, is on deck with a "business-is-fine,—thanks" smile. Up stairs to the

Seventh Floor—The tinkle of china, the bright glow of myriad lights and the pleasant atmosphere of this floor all serve to soothe the visitor. A tramp about the Houseware aisles is at once interesting and instructive, you invariably notice nick-knacks that before escaped your attention. At the wrapping desk in the Lamp Department, I notice a former Bear Run lodger. Schleicher hasn't anything interesting to show me today—and Hornberger must be worried with static troubles. Mr. Braunstein and Mr. I. D. Wolf pass in an elevator heading upward. Must follow their example now and trot about the

Eighth Floor—Dean is paging "Mr. McCurdy." A musing glance at some beautiful clocks. Some novel smoking stands attract my eye. Think it would be a fine display idea to group these with comfy chairs—and perhaps, even supply some smokes for patrons. Vanderslice is looking over an advertising proof. B. T. Smith is still nursing his carbuncle. I'm ready for another trip on the elevator now. To the

Tenth Floor—Our Bear Run second-base-miss is dishing out information at the desk here. She's a sure fire success at the desk if she works like she plays ball. Around to the office and make inquiries of Miss Kerr as to the happenings since my departure on the tour. Along the file-bordered aisle I sidestep Miss Dwyer, Miss Craig and Mr. Cost in quick succession.

Mr. O. M. Kaufmann's new mustache has thus far escaped the glare of publicity but we'll turn a relentless light on it now. It's a heroic decoration and has been much discussed by all in the store ever since its appearance. There's Mr. Friedlaender and Mr. Lawler poring over some plans of the store. Greer at his desk—will wonders never cease? Messrs. Greene and Brannigan in a jovial mood today. Friend Shaw is encountered en route to the upstairs. He's also a late Bear Run convert. On to the next, the

Eleventh Floor—Caputo smiles benignly as I pass. He made a creditable showing with "The Big Store" Band on Defense Day. Gorman, the card shark, is busy with a customer so I won't bother him this trip. Mrs. Walrath owns one of the most pleasant smiles in the store, I believe. An admiring glance at the beautiful Steinway in the corner and then to pay my respects to Miss Bittner.

Men are at work enlarging the Restaurant and mechanics 'twill be a most beautiful enlargement, judging from the progress they have already made. This is a particularly beautiful floor and one of the most pleasant in the building. Stewart is not about, so I'll hustle now to the

Twelfth Floor—Meet Becky Sobel as I leave for the stairway. See Biss as I enter Stock Rooms. Mr. Simon is also here chatting about some shipment or other. Tom Flynn passes on his way to freight ele-

vator. Some of these girls here have made an art of dodging the swiftly propelled trucks that shoot about from every aisle. Mike Hurley is punching his card. Mr. E. J. Kaufmann passes in an elevator. Shame he can't wear that major's uniform about the store that he wore in parade. Our big boss certainly has a soldierly bearing. A friendly chap burdened with pillows nods to me as I pass on my way to the

Thirteenth Floor—The usual crowd of hungry store people are parading up the Restaurant aisle with trays in hand, scanning with critical eyes, the offerings of the day. Our Timekeeper, Mrs. Snyder, is playing a hostess role at one of the tables. There's a young lady from the Shopping Bureau who is one of this place's best customers. She must have a wonderful appetite. I'm a bit weary of noticing things now and will bring my "stroll" to its finish here. Will go downstairs for a spell and let my O'Sullivan's cool off. Till the next time,

ADIOS.

Another Convert

Mr. Hugh A. Nelson of the Merchandise Planning Department had never spent a vacation elsewhere than the seashore until this year. He attended and was greatly impressed with a speech made by Mr. E. J. Kaufmann upon Bear Run, early this Spring, and decided to make reservations for a cottage at our camp. In the middle of July, he left for camp and from that day became one of the most rabid fans Bear Run has known.

Mr. Nelson wrote a letter to Mr. I. D. Wolf, in which he praised the camp most highly. It is impossible to use the entire letter, but we are quoting a paragraph or so here:

... Another beneficial effect was the desire to sleep. Let me say when bed time came, there was no rolling or tossing about on the pillow instead Morpheus wrapped his mantle about me and I awoke refreshed and eager for another day of pleasure. Since my return, I have talked with some employees who have never visited Bear Run. I questioned them as to their reasons and met with many evasive answers, one in particular stating that "the place was too slow." I would be pleased to interview each of these skeptics and prove that our Camp may be too fast for them, for there is no sp for the individual that is not to be had at ca. Bathing, both in the pool and the Falls, hiking, v. l' ball, baseball, tennis, bowling, hay rides & plays—incidentally, permit me to say wood's best would run a bad second to s actresses. There is also a library, whic elaborate, a lounging room, hospital, m recreation room.

What impressed me mostly was the absence crimination or partiality on the part of the n ment and assistants. No one was permitte about alone or unacquai This was di untiring efforts of Mi early and late that all v fortable. . . ."

Last days at Bear Run

With Summer's wane and the close approach of Fall to urge us, we joined the last trippers in late August and set out to bring the camping season to a close. A goodly crowd we were and the hills rang to the echo of our lusty farewells. The weather was, without doubt, the best of the year and ideal particularly in the mountains, while the city was sweltering in heat.

Miss McKenzie, Miss Smith, Mrs. Hauser, Miss Diskin, Miss Greene, Miss Kautz and all the others in charge of the camp had just about enough energy left to carry through the last few days after their strenuous summer and were among the foremost in the farewell procedure. The closing Masque Ball was one of the most successful social events of the season and the orchestra was kept busy all evening. Prizes were given to the most original, funniest and best costumes and the dancers paraded about the judges for their decisions.

When Labor Day dawned the time seemed all too short to most of us but all managed to crowd into every hour sixty minutes of sparkling fun. The bathing was better than at any time previous and the pool was the most popular place in the camp for those who wanted to escape the sun's heat. As the afternoon grew late, campers suddenly became busy packing grips, bags and suitcases in nervous haste to catch that last train for Pittsburgh. The hour of parting came and the farewell was given most sorrowfully. At the turn in the trail it seemed that all felt the need of a last sight of the Club House. One glimpse, a sightless turn and the leaden footsteps renewed the reluctant march homeward.

Condolences Extended To Mr. Miller

Mr. Joseph F. Miller of our Furniture Department lost his adopted father several weeks ago. His foster parent, Dr. Henry Asthalter was 73 years old at the time of his death and had practiced medicine in Pittsburgh for 45 years, after graduating from the Heidelberg Medical College in Germany.

Mr. Miller's fellow-workers of the Furniture Department selling staff extend to him their sympathy in his bereavement.

The Beauty Of Hose

As the approach of the Fall season, our thoughts go to the colorful Beauty and Romance. But I think many of us can really appreciate the beauty of a good pair of hose. Leave me mention a few of the names and shades and if you will but leave your imagination to play as when you read fairy tales, you will find a story or picture, or I may frankly say, Beauty and Romance. The colors: burning sands, desert, oriental pearl, Indian skin, tan-bark, log cabin, deer, Chinese, dawn, sunset, and moonlight.

M. OCHENRIDER.



Miss Greene Looking For Trouble

This is a Bear Run photograph with the Camp Nurse, Miss Greene, peering into the depths of Peggy Drake's throat. Peggy probably shouted herself hoarse the evening before and wants to see if anything inside was permanently damaged.

To Mr. Clarkson

Have you ever heard of Clarkson?
Why at figures he's a shark, son!
He's our Auditor you know,
Must be keen to make a go
Of a job so complicated:
But it must be that he's fated
To win success at every game—
Whether volley-ball or Fame.
Yet he's bashful is our Clarkson
Though we'll not keep it dark, son
For his eyes are twinkling brightly
And his manners always sprightly
He thinks Life's but a lark, son!—

Contributed.

Sister's Bad Cold

"Would you scream if I should kiss you?"
"Why, Jack, I have such a cold I can hardly whisper."
—Portland News.

USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT GLOVES

Every person who has anything to do with the sales or manufacture of gloves will appreciate the convenience and advantage of having at hand an authoritative classification of the various types and kinds of gloves and the details connected with them. For this reason The Glovers' Review has prepared the accompanying glossary of going trade names and terms, together with the pertinent facts about each.

It will be found very useful as a ready reference for salespeople or others when a question arises concerning different types of gloves. For instance, in showing a pair of gloves for sports purposes, it would be to the advantage of the sale to explain to the customer why a Cape glove is more suitable than a Kid or Lambskin. A glance under "Leather Gloves" will inform the salesperson as to the origin, characteristics and qualities of each, and why each is adapted for its own particular purpose. Why is a milanese Silk glove more expensive than a tricot; why is an alpaca gauntlet worth more than an ordinary Wool gauntlet; how does a pique sewn glove differ from a pique seam? Innumerable questions like these arise daily in the routine of glove selling. The salesperson can use them as clinching arguments of the sale if she is able to put her finger on the points of distinction between the various types of merchandise without taking time to read long, involved descriptions.

Leading manufacturers have generously contributed their advice and experience and this glossary is the consensus of usage among them. Therefore, it may be considered as standard and as nearly uniform as it is possible to make it.

Glove Terms Defined

Antelope—A small deer-like animal, intermediate in size between deer and goat, whose skin is used in the making of doeskin gloves.

Bandalette—Sometimes called "bord." A wide hem used to finish the wrist of the glove.

Biarritz—A loose-wristed glove, with more flare than a mousequaire glove, but made without any opening or fasteners at wrist.

Binding—A narrow piping used for finishing the raw edges at the wrist.

Buckskin—The skin of deer noted for strength and durability, imported from Mexico, Central American and South America.

Cape—Originally used to designate a leather made from Cape district of South Africa—large spread, heavy, rather tight-grained leather. The glove now commercially known as "cape" is made from sheep and lambskins tanned and dressed by the method known as "Napa Dipped."

Chamois—The skin of a chamois goat, which inhabits Switzerland, now almost extinct. This term is loosely applied to lambskins dressed in fish oil, as well as to various other substitutes.

Chamois-Suede—A general term applied to gloves made of cloth closely woven from long staple cotton treated to present a soft, sueded surface.

Doeskin—The skin of an antelope. Of the same family as the gazelle. A rare and beautiful skin,

usually sueded. Genuine doeskin and chamois are so limited in supply that sheepskins are much used as substitutes.

Doling—The process involved in the removal of the flesh side of leather to reduce the thickness. Operation formerly was performed entirely by sharp, broad knives very similar to a wide chisel. Today, it is accomplished by the use of wide emery wheels.

Domes—The general French term for clasps, manufactured of various materials, such as pearl, vegetable ivory, pyroxylin, glass, metal, horn and various compositions. Made in four parts, known as post, spring, eyelet and top.

Embroidery—The decorative stitching on the back of gloves. Following are the forms of embroidery in most general use:

Brosser: A one-row, single-thread design made with single needle and looper. The width varies according to the weight of the thread employed.

Crochet: A term applied principally to heavy hand-made embroidery, the threads of which are usually carried through holes especially punched.

Rows of Embroidery: Distinguished by the number of strands shown; hence, two-row, three-row, four-row embroidery, etc.

Paris Point: An embroidery the center of which can be made with one single-thread brosser center, around which is the two needle sewing.

Spear Point: A term applied to an embroidery ending with a spear head design.

Tambour: A machine-made embroidery, reproducing to some extent the effect of the genuine hand crochet embroidery.

Two-Tone—A tone applied to combination effects, showing contrasting color.

Flesh Side—The inner side of the skin, as distinguished from the hair or wool side. Also called fleur side.

Fourchette—Commonly called "forks," the six slender pieces employed between the fingers in the closing of the glove to give the proper shape to the fingers.

French National—A general term applied to the high-grade kidskins grown in France.

Gauntlet—A glove having either a soft or stiff cuff, and fastened with wrist strap or clasp.

Gazelle—A small species of antelope. This leather is employed in the making of the very highest grade of washable glove.

Glance (dressed)—A term applied to leathers with the grain side dressed or finished so as to preserve glossy appearance.

Grain Side—The outer side, the hair or wool of the skin.

Heart—The stay piece under the binding of the

Hercules Sewn—A lock-stitch operation with the sewing is caught by a looper that closes each after it is passed through the leather or fabric.

Lamb—A young sheep (wool animal).

Kid—A young goat (hair animal).

much misused, being carelessly applied to light-weight leather gloves with a glaze surface.

Lisle—A term applied to a closely woven cotton cloth having a natural or unsueded dull surface.

Milanese—A term applied to a woven silk presenting a brilliant surface and having a high percentage of elasticity and which depends wholly upon the number of threads used, viz.: two, three or four.

Mocha—Arabian hair sheep—a distinct type, not, as is frequently misstated, a species resulting from cross breeding of a mocha goat and a species of wool sheep.

Mousquetaire—A glove having a two or three-button opening at the wrist, the arm part being closed. Mousquetaires run from six-button up to twenty-four-button or shoulder length. The number of inches from base of thumb to top of glove gives the "button" length.

Overseam—Sometimes called roundseam. In this two edges of Kid are brought together back to back, fed through a ratchet wheel and sewn by needle and looper. The needle does the feeding and the thread looper accomplishes the overcasting, thereby making a roundseam or overstitch.

Piecettes—Little stay pieces sometimes placed at the joining of the fourchettes. Often called gussets.

Pique (also P. K.)—Known as "lapped seam." In the sewing of the glove one portion of the kid is lapped over the other and sewn through, leaving only one raw edge.

Plaque—The stay piece used to reinforce the clasps.

Prix Seam (also P. X. M.)—Both seams are held together, both raw edges are exposed, and the glove is fed through a ratchet wheel, sewing in horizontal position through and through. This type of sewing is most favored in the heavier gloves.

Quirk—The gore or gusset at base of thumb.

Roundseam—See Overseam.

Schmaschen—A stillborn lamb. This leather is employed mostly for the cheaper gloves.

Slip-On—See Biarritz.

Suede (undressed)—A term applied to leathers with the grain surface removed and finished in soft, velvety effect on the flesh side.

Trank—A term applied to the form of leather that has been doled and stretched and from which the glove is stamped out.

Tricot—A term applied to a silk cloth woven in one direction on a single beam machine.

Right Way To Measure Gloves

Measure the middle finger from tip to crotch, with corresponding finger of the glove, and measure the width of the glove across the knuckles. Or, a glove measure may be used.

How To Put On A Glove

In the four fingers first, turn the glove back to the thumb to enter, and then draw the entire into place by gently pulling the top at the back while working the thumb into position.

Gloves should be tried before gloves are fitted; this is especially true of the fingers. If they should prove obstinate, it is better to force them while the glove is on, but to adjust the leather carefully at the wrist.

How To Take Off A Glove

Turn the back of the glove over the knuckles, catch the finger tips firmly between the outer folds of leather, and draw the glove gently off. Some advise loosening the fingers at the base, and taking all the loosened tips together, with the other hand, to draw off the glove.

GLOVE SIZES

Women's

Kid.....	5½, 5¾, 6, 6¼, 6½, 6¾
	7, 7¼, 7½, 7¾, 8, 8½
Fabric.....	5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9

Misses'

(French Scale).....	4¼, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5¼, 5½
	5¾, 6, 6¼, 6½, 6¾

Children's

0000	Infant	3	6 years
000	6 mos.	4	8 years
00	1 year	5	10 years
0	1½ years	6	12 years
1	2 years	7	14 years
2	4 years	8	16 years



Page Mack Sennett For This

The demure, maidenly person photographed here is none other than Mr. Laughlin at Bear Run. It seems that he was persuaded to do a "Julian Eltinge" stunt and responded with the above result. We think his act went over big, though we hope the maids of America will never look this way in their bathing suits.

A Wife's Intuition

He (attempting to start car): "This darned self-starter won't work! There is a short circuit somewhere."

She: "Well, why don't you lengthen it, dear?"—
The Hudsonian.



Mr. Isaac Herz

The above is a recent photo of Mr. Isaac Herz who has the distinction of being the store's oldest living employee. Mr. Herz was formerly a salesman in our Men's Clothing Department and has been connected with the store almost since its very beginning.

Despite his long service record, Mr. Herz is still an active man and a frequent visitor here, since for some time he has retired from the selling floor. He is very familiar with all of our store's earlier history and naturally, a valuable historian when the occasion demands.

The Pants Rampant

Oh, I've worn a tuxedo in far Montenegro,
And a dress suit I've worn in Montrose;
But I'll always remember the night in December
When I rented my evening clothes.

The coat was not bad, 'twas the best to be had,
And the trousers were charmingly pressed;
But when hauled in position, they just would insist on
Keeping lookout from over the vest.

'Twas clad in these pants that I started to dance,
The offenders nailed down with a pin,
And I thought with elation and congratulation
That my anchor would never give in.

While twirling in bliss to the Waltz of the Kiss,
The safety pin gave a loud sigh,
Then a pitiful moan and heartrending groan,
And the trousers' top band rose on high.

My partner grew pale and I felt the girl quail.
In my pocket I put my left hand;
And clung to the breeches as if they were riches
And held down the trousers' top band.

And so through the night in perpetual fright
I danced like a man in a doze,
And I'll always remember the night in December
When I wore rented evening clothes.

—From an Old Siren.

Remarks Heard At The Hosiery Counter

Customer looking at hose displayed on the counter, glancing at the sign and seeing (\$2.59—irregular), turned haughtily away mumbling, "Uh! those are injured."

A big strapping negress came into the department during the recent convention held here. About half way to the counter she blurts, "I wants to get me a pair of stockin's to match de yellor taxi."

The salesgirl displayed the merchandise and the customer asked "What brand is this?" The girl answered, "Uno." The indignant customer said, "Indeed I do not!"

We have a girl in the department who tells this joke on herself. Having sold hose to a handsome young man, he asks her to send them. He then gives her his card to be placed with the merchandise and she, thinking the card was for herself, blushing thanked him and laid it aside.

A shopper going through the aisle inquired of Miss Dixon, where caps could be purchased. Miss Dixon hesitated but a moment and quietly asked "for the head?"

The excited customer came dashing up to the floorman, "Oh! I've lost my roll!" she wailed. All sympathy in her disaster, the floorman said, "And how much was in your roll?" "Three dollars," the victim moaned.

The hosiery girls are sometimes transferred to the Umbrella Department, during the rainy season. On one of these occasions a customer informed the girl that she wanted just an inexpensive umbrella as she only used it when it rained.

Courtesy and interest has built up a good line of customers for Miss Cronin. One of these, a dashing, young sheik, came into the department one day and says, "Hello, been to lunch yet?" expecting to invite her. But before he could do so, Miss Cronin answered, "No, I go at eleven, but I brought my lunch with me today."

WANTED—A man for hard work and rapid promotion—a man who can find things to be done without help of a manager and three assistants.

A man who gets to work on time in the morning, does not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to first off the job at night.

A man who is neat in appearance and does for an hour's overtime in emergencies.

A man who listens carefully when he is spoken to, asks only enough questions to insure the accuracy of instructions.

A man who moves quickly and makes as much as possible about it.

A man who looks you straight in the face and tells the truth every time.

A man who does not pity himself for having

A man who is cheerful, courteous and determined to "make good."

This man is wanted everywhere. Experience do not count. It is his own ambition, to succeed. He is wanted.

Golf Notes

What is the object of golf?

Golf is called the National Rash, everyone gets it sooner or later.

A typical illustration of what Golf is may be described briefly: A full round is 18 holes. A tee is the starting place for the player to play each hole. The fairway is that portion of the course that is kept mowed and is in the center of two lines of rough. The green is that portion of the course surrounding each hole. The grass is of finer texture than the fairway and is generally surrounded by sand traps or bunkers, commonly called hazards. The green is called the putting green, because it is there you putt the ball. The rough is the uncut portion of the course, which penalizes a bad shot. The idea of the game is to get the ball from each tee to the hole in the green in the least number of strokes, counting all strokes made at the ball.

Great strides have been made in the last ten years to give the masses the opportunity to play this wonderful and healthful game. The writer began his Golf when it was first introduced in this country and had attained but a minute portion of its present popularity with the American people. If you play golf, no matter where you travel you can easily make friends. To be able to talk golf you can always listen to someone's tale of woes and wonders.

For the first time in the Store's history, "The Big Store" has a Golf School, located on the Second Floor, Sporting Goods Department, to help you to learn the game. It is in charge of J. J. Whittingham. Lessons by appointment. Lessons are 12 for \$10.00 or \$1.00 for each lesson.

From time to time Mr. Whittingham will give an article on the game.



A Bashful Miss

This young lady is quite well known on the Main Floor and no doubt, many of our readers will recognize the above likeness of her. It was received by the Editor for publication, but the sender failed to attach a news item or even the name of the young lady pictured here. Maybe she's engaged, or married, or her dog died—we have to hazard at the news behind the picture. Perhaps some of you will ask her, or we'll do it ourselves.

The Store Comes First

After a short illness, an old Jewish gentleman, who had been running a pawn brokerage and second-hand establishment for over fifty years, felt that his time had come and asked for all his sons to be brought to him so he might talk to them all before he passed away. The old fellow was slightly groggy, by the time the sons had all collected, and the conversation ran as follows:

—Fader, I'se by de bed post."

"Ikey?"

"Iss me, Fader, sitting py de pilla."
"Are's Moses?"

"Iss, Poppa, vaitin' patiently."

"Iss you here?"

"Fader, here I iss, too."

"No de blazes iss taking care of de store?"—

The White Star.

Good Things To Keep

Furniture Department

"A word or two about Needlepoint tapestry furniture."

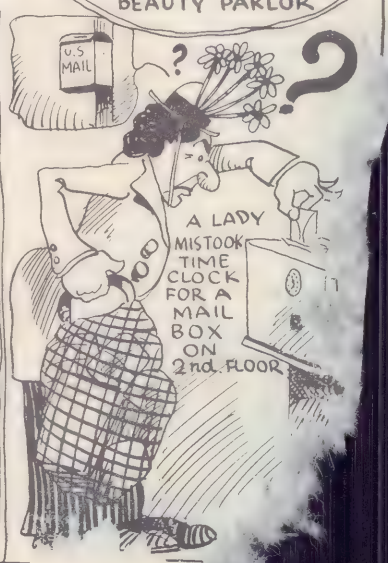
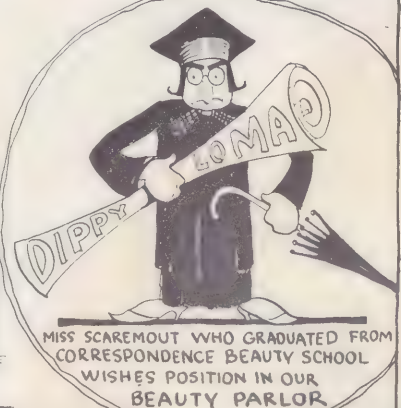
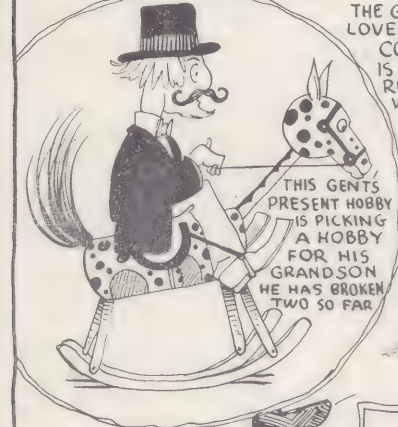
Needlepoint tapestry is very like cross-stitch, but goes twice as fast, for your work is right on the canvas and only makes half the cross.

It's the fad of the hour, but it's really far more than a fad, for decorators have been using its warm, vibrant color ever since it was first made.

During the 14th and 15th centuries many excellent ecclesiastical embroideries were produced in England, and in the 16th century the costumes of the nobility were magnificent with embroidered florals. Black work, done in silk or linen was popular in the reign of Elizabeth. So also was petit point sometimes called tapestry or needlework tapestry.

An all-over cross stitch on coarse canvas is imitation of woven tapestry. Richly costumed figures were introduced, often in small medallions in fine point on a ground of course point. During the 17th and 18th centuries petit points in floral and purely ornamental designs continued to be made in England for use as draperies and furniture coverings and sometimes framed pictures.

Needlepoint Tapestry—An Ancient Art.





Foreign Department

Some of the Foreign Department Interpreters had a good time during their two weeks' vacation at Wildwood, N. J. The ladies planned the good time all for themselves and at the very last moment, the hubbies decided to join them.

Mrs. M. Frank, husband and children enjoyed the Wildwood Beach, as also did Mr. and Mrs. R. Nardini.

Our young bride instead of taking her honeymoon two months ago, decided to combine her honeymoon and vacation and have one of the best vacations of her life. Mr. and Mrs. C. Mella took a motor trip to Dunkirk, N. Y., and from there proceeded to Niagara Falls, Canada, Fredonia and back to dear old smoky Pittsburgh. We find quite a change in the young bride, she seems to be more satisfied.

Hither and Yon at Bear Run

Another visit to the land of sunshine, clear air and fried chicken! Beautiful sunshiny day, air cool and redolent with mountain odors, big crowd up here this time and all as noisy as pups at breakfast. Barney Blum strutting around conscious of his growing need of a shave. Mr. Irwin D. Wolf and wife at ease in a pair of canvas back chairs. Traub with a big cigar in his mouth picking his baseball team—and Clarkson picking the opposing side.

Some game! Replete with arguments, disputed decisions and decrepit base-running. Nobody knows who won, both sides claiming victory. Happy Solomon admits he lost, was tagged out on way to first after an attempted bunt that Traub fielded. Now for a swim. A dangerous place with this bunch of water dogs. Hecht, Olympic swimmer, gives I. D. Wolf too much of a handicap and is beaten by a few yards in an easy race. Bunch tries to persuade Happy to get out of the water but he is too light-footed for persuasion. Marathon to West Newton and returns in time for dinner.

At the table once more. Noisiest table in Club. Miss McKenzie can't hear herself think. Barney and Barney are arguing all through meal, yet, more than any six present. After Barney breathless over corn, we adjourn to campus where football teams are chosen and game begins. Same

as baseball game, argument and more of it! Cohn plays fine game despite cigar. Mr. Wolf has a murderous style of net play that forces us to be cautious. Clarkson covers more ground than a circus tent and Johnson has a wicked smash that is hardly returnable. Hutt makes some nice plays—out of bounds. Again, some game!

At night a masquerade and vaudeville. Traub sings by request—Happy sings, ready for the inquest. Everybody dancing now. Joe Meyers and Barney applaud with basketful of tin cups. Pandemonium reigns! *Everything quiet now.*

Next day—same thing over again only we win the ball game by decisive score. Cohn referees and plays fine game. More swimming, more fun, more eats—then we leave.

Cross-Country Hikers

Our Mr. Solomon of the window trimmers, the erstwhile "Connie," has just returned to us from an extended walking tour to Hutchinson, Kansas and return, through the states of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, and Iowa. He was accompanied in this delightful hike by Mr. Arnold Ferber, a medical student at the University of Pittsburgh, who appears with Mr. Solomon in the picture.

They report to *The Stogram* a wonderful trip. Good weather followed them generally, and kind motor-



ists on the broad highway were helpful with lifts. They had letters to officials of various cities and towns with them, which also proved to be of value to them on stop-overs enroute. They brought back with them besides a healthy coat of tan, many interesting souvenirs picked up during the three weeks of their pleasant trip.

The picture was taken in Hutchinson, where a delightful week was enjoyed with Connie's sister, who was prepared to receive them with an entertaining series of parties. They tell us that Hutchinson is a small town, but more than 3,000 miles round trip from here, and they also confide that they actually walked about 25 miles or less of the distance. "If it's this easy," Connie says, "next year, we're going to walk to California."

Ad Office Broadcastings

We extend a belated welcome to Messrs. Harrison and Huggins who have recently "joined up" with the staff here and hope that by this time they are thoroughly at home in the office. Mr. Huggins is not entirely a stranger though, as he once before worked for "The Big Store" in this same department. Mr. Harrison is brand new and a possible target for some of Jake's stunts—we might add that we like him better with his coat on.

Mr. Adams, the Caliph of the Layout, came back from the second shift of his vacation with an unusual quota of "pep" and actually seems to be glad it's all over. Gardening must have been too strenuous, or it may have been that he has tired of tennis for the time being.

The two sister-artists who are responsible for our excellent fashion drawings are prime favorites with the whole force. Mrs. Spindler is the mother of a mammoth baby son, and Mrs. Collins the mother of an equally healthy infant daughter so we get daily reports upon the latest actions of both babies.

Jack, Tom and Jim, the three industrious chaps who assist Mr. Jacob Miller in his work, are a very talented trio. Jack is a mechanic of no mean ability and a cartoonist as well. Tom is an athlete for he displays remarkable speed in getting about the store and Jim is a comedian from Comedy's birthplace, Lawrenceville.

"Babette" had an abbreviated vacation in Canada but did not enjoy it because of illness. She became ill when she arrived there and did not recover until after her return.

Mrs. Cash \$ used some of the ocean at Wildwood, N. J., for her vacation bathing. She brought home nothing but a fine sunburn and regrets that she couldn't stay a month or so longer.

Mr. Traub let the summer slip by without making any vacation overtures. He must be planning a Havana trip or a sojourn to Palm Beach for the winter.

Jake Miller spent his vacation in the 108th Ward. He and Dan Kaldor are said to visit Homestead frequently nowadays but won't say just where.

Hannah, Dorothy and Sarah haven't made much racket recently and we hardly know what to say about them. They are mainstays of the office and all are well appreciated by the rest.

Mr. Dietrich and Al Hilger are two more pillars of the place—their most praiseworthy work being the contributions they make to "THE STORAGRAM."

Harry is still carrying his money in his left-hand pockets. Doesn't make much of a difference though, the day before pay day, even his watch pocket will serve then.

Mr. Hooper was at home for the greater part of his vacation but found time to visit his boyhood home in West Virginia and also to make a brief trip to Cleveland.

Timid lady, going up in an elevator, asked: "Where would we go if all the cables should break at once?"

"That would depend," replied the polite conductor, "entirely on what kind of a life you have led."

—Selected.



Miss Loretta Firl In Repose

This, kind readers, is Loretta Firl of the Men's Furnishings Department, sunning herself on her home steps. Her pedigreed friend seated with her refuses to offer his name for publication, though 'tis said he is a well behaved chap and not at all dangerous as his appearance advertises.

Witty Joe Meyers
Never perspires
Scarcely ever gets hot
For he thinks it is rot
For a System-ized expert to do.
But friends, here's a secret, between me and you
If he doesn't stop pulling
Those terrible puns
We swear we're not fooling
Nor talking for fun
We'll stoke up Hell's fires
For our witty Joe Meyers.—Contributed.

The World Can Get Along Without

The fellow who chews gum while he smokes.
The girl who says, "O Ya-as, I adooah grand opera."
The girl who calls you "a big animal."
The man who sneezes in the elevator.
Folks who say "collegiate."
Ham actors
Tombstones.
The comic sections.
Automobile detours.
Silly stuff like this.

"Have you a wireless telephone in your apartment?"

"No, but we get a lot of entertainment out of listening at the dumb waiter-shaft."—Judge.

Better Service

“Better service is expensive but we never begrudge its expense for it is our wisest investment we must excel always, in rendering service.”

Eugene Kaufmann

From a speech delivered before the buyers and department executives at the Buyer's Association Meeting, Friday Sept. 5, 1924

